

THE COLONIST.



Vol. I. Price—One Cent. ST. JOHN'S N. F., TUESDAY, MARCH 9. 1886. \$3.00 Per Annum. No. 3.

By Telegraph.

SHOAL HA BOK,
Ther. 5. N.N.W. Light. Very clear
and cold.

GAMBO, March 9.
Clear, calm and frosty. Heaviest
snow-fall for season yesterday. Exces-
sively cold last night.

BONAVISTA, March 9.
W.S.W. wind, light, clear and fine.
Bay full. Few old seals taken with em-
bryon. Many seen in water off Cape.

TWILLINGATE, March 9.
Fine day. Wind N.W., light breeze.
Bay full of ice. Three schooners in
Bight yesterday, about six miles off.
Very few seals got yet, but good pros-
pects. Splendid winds prevail.

GREENSPOND, March 9th.
Wind W.S.W., clear and frosty. Bay
is full of ice.

KING'S COVE, March 9.
Wind West. Light breeze. Very fine.

TRINITY, March 9.
Fine, clear and cold. Wind West.
light. Bay clear.

RENEWS, March 9.
Wind West. Moderate, fine and clear.

CAPE RACE, March 9.
Wind N. W. Fine and clear.

BAY BULLS, March 9.
N.N.W. Dull, snowing a little at in-
tervals.

CAPE BROYLE, March 9.
N.W. wind. Fine, clear and frosty.

CONN RIVER, March 9.
Wind N.N.W., perfectly fine, frosty.

HARBOR BRITON, March 9.
Wind N.N.W., fine.

BAY DU NORD, March 9.
Wind N. N. W., moderate, clear.

Thermometer 10 above.

BURGE, March 9.
Fine, strong, wind N.W.

CHANNEL, March 9.
Wind N. W., strong, with snow
squalls.

G'D BANK, BURIN, LONG HAR. Mar. 9.
Wind W. to N.W., cold, clear.

GARIA, March 9.
N.N.W., strong, cold.

LITTLE BAY NORTH, March 9.
N.N.W., strong, cold.

BAY OF ISLANDS, March 9.
N.N.W., strong, cold.

BOXXE BAY, March 9.
N.N.W., strong, cold.

NIPPER'S HARBOR, March 9.
N.N.W., strong, cold.

TILT COVE, March 9.
N.W., strong. Ice moving off this
side.

CAPE RAY, March 9.
N. W., strong. Weather clear and
cold. No ice in sight to-day.

ROSE BLANCHE, March 9.
N.W., strong, cold.

LAPOILE, March 9.
N.W., strong, cold.

CATALINA, March 9.
N.W., light, clear, frosty.

HALIFAX, N.S., March 9th.
Gladstone is ill he is confined to bed
since Saturday.

Malcolm Wood of Manchester has
been appointed new Chief of Police for
London.

The British Government relieving dis-
tress in the West of Ireland with money
grants and seed potatoes.

Emigrants information Bureau will
be attached to Colonial office.

Russian Government have expelled a
large number of Germans.

Courland's discussion on the Landry's
motion regretting that the government
permitted Refl to be hanged will com-
mence on Thursday and be continued
till a vote is taken.

New Advertisements.

Just the thing for Lent.

Corned Salmon,
Co fish TONGUES, SOUNDS
and Codfish, Cheap.

ALSO
CANNED SALMON AND LOBSTER.
At JAMES VINICOMBS,
Duckworth Street.

Stolen or Strayed.

A CROSS-BRED NEWFOUNDLAND AND
ST. BERNARD PUP.

Black, with mottled fore-legs, about five months
old. The finder will be rewarded by bringing to
this office. In whosever's possession the Dog is
found after this date will be prosecuted.
Mar 8, 21, fp.

New Advertisements.

BOOKS FOR LENT.

Prices from 2d. to 5s. each.

STATION BOOKS.

From 2d. upwards.

Lenten Meditations.
Manual of the Cross and Passion.
Manual of the Seven Dolours of the B.V.M.
Meditations for every day during the Holy Season
of Lent.

The Soul on Calvary.
St. Ligouri's Preparation for Death.
Butler's Lives of the Saints.
Imitation of Christ.

The Christian Traveller.
Clock of the Passion.
Pleadings of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.
Introduction to a Devout Life.
Devout Client of St. Joseph.

Elevation of the Soul to God.
Familiar Discourses to the Young.
Ditto ditto on the Sacraments.
Lessons from the Passion.

Hand that Leads to Heaven.
Hay's Devout Christian.
Hay's Sincere Christian.
The Hidden Treasure.
Office of Holy Week.

How to Live Piously.
Meditation of B. V. Mary.
St. Ligouri's Instructions on the Commandments.
Life of Our Lord.

Life of St. Joseph.
Life of St. Ligouri.
Sermons for all Sundays in the year.

PRAYER BEADS—all kinds, Crucifixes, Statues, Holy
Water Fonts, Scapulars, Medals, &c. &c.

M. FENELON & CO.

mar 9, w's.

NOTICE.

THE ST. JOHN'S MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT
ASSOCIATION, meets this evening at 8 p.m.,
in the Basement of Queen's Road Congrega-
tional Church, when a full attendance of members
is urgently requested. Debate—"Which is most
beneficial to this Island—The development of its
Fisheries and Agriculture, or that of its Dock,
Railway and Mines." mar 9.

TAILORING.

1886.

Spring and Summer Fashions,

AND MATERIALS FOR GENTS' WEAR.

THE PLATE OF NEW STYLES

For the ensuing seasons has arrived, and with
the return of the S. S. Newfoundland I expect to
receive the greater portion of my

NEW STOCK.

Owing to the long continued period of depression
prevailing in all the departments of industry in
Britain, Prices and Profits are Lower than they
have been for many years.

MY STOCK has been purchased under these
conditions, and I will therefore, on its arrival, be
in a position to OFFER TO MY PATRONS

A CHOICE OF MATERIALS
At Prices Much Lower than Usual.

THE CUTTING AND MAKING will be con-
ducted with the same *scrupulous attention*
to details, and earnest effort to ascertain and
meet the wants of Patrons as in the past, my Ex-
tensive Experience in this business teaching clearly
that he who "fits" best is

"Fittest to Survive,"

and he who cannot "FIT" proves his "UNFITNESS"
to remove the "Greatest Impediment to
Success," in Tailoring Business.

J. ADRAIN,

174 WATER STREET.

Mar 6, 41, e.o.d. fp.

Local Industries, Home Production.

150 Cases SALMON,

As good as the best imported article, at
32s. per Case, or 8s. 6d. per Doz.

50 Cases RABBIT,

FROM THE CELEBRATED CROSBY VALLEY.

At Six Shillings per Dozen,
A capital article of food at a very low
price.

—FOR SALE BY—

James Baird,

197 & 217 Water Street.

SYDNEY WOODS,

IMPORTER AND DEALER IN

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN

HARDWARE & CUTLERY.

Electro-plated Ware, Glassware,
Guns, Trouting Gear, Harness,
Paints, Oils.

Agricultural Implements,

Housekeepers' Requisites, Teas, Sugars,
Etc., Etc., Etc.

193, WATER STREET, 193

mar 6.

New Advertisements.

W.C.

TUESDAY

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Grand Scenic Effects, Railway Trains, Snow Scenes, &c.

SELECT MUSIC AT INTERVALS BY PROF. BENNETT'S FULL QUARTET BAND.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Mr. O'Neil

Mr. Sullivan

Mr. Morrissey

Mr. Scully

Miss Atkins

Miss Alkins

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AUTHOR AND PUBLISHER.

HOW THE WORK OF BUDDING GENIUS IS TREATED BY THE MAN OF BUSINESS.

Manuscript on its receipt, said a publisher in answer to our query the other day, is at once turned over to a 'reader,' who takes it with him, and after examining it carefully returns it to us with his opinion as to its merit or lack of merit. If a 'reader' returns a manuscript with a strong endorsement, we then consider the merits of the work from a commercial standpoint, whether it is likely to sell, how much it will cost for production, &c. Frequently we turn the manuscript over to a second 'reader' and sometimes to a third. If all say, 'This is a strong work; think it will pay you to publish it,' or words to that effect, of course their recommendations go a long way in the question of publication. In most cases 'readers' are men and women of culture who themselves have done literary work; sometimes a lawyer, who finds time from his professional duties to give attention to literary pursuits, or a doctor similarly situated, and sometimes a woman of refined education qualified to do the work. When we have any manuscript on a speciality, a scientific, medical or other subject of the kind, we engage some recognized professional man in that particular.

Nearly always the writers are required to bear a part of the expense of the first edition; always when they are new writers. Sometimes they cannot get into print without bearing the entire expense. It is a fact not generally known that Longfellow paid within a small amount of the total cost of production of his first volume of poems, and James Russell Lowell paid all the expense of his first work.

THE GRAVEYARD OF ARMIES.

WHERE THOUSANDS ARE SLAUGHTERED—
THAT A FEW MAY HAVE MONUMENTS
TO THEIR MEMORY.

The country south of the Danube has drunk up the blood of countless hosts. Persians and Greeks, Romans, Florentines, Venetians, Slavs, Austrians, Hungarians, Russians and Tartars have laid down their lives by the hundreds of thousands in that peninsula. Every town has had its siege, every plain its battle, and every craggy mountain pass its struggle and sacrifice. From Thermopylae to Shipka more than two thousand years of blood intervened; but nothing that has occurred in all that time has sufficed to curb the belligerency of man, and he clamors for war to-day the same as he did when Jason and the Argonauts set out for the Golden Fleece. Yet war is admittedly the most direful of human events. It wastes and destroys. It is cruel, bloodthirsty, savage. It kills and maims men and fills the land with widows and orphans. Sometimes righteous, it is generally causeless and useless.

THE CELTIC CHARACTER.

THE IMPRESSION IT MADE ON A DISTINGUISHED ENGLISH WRITER.

The following from Thackeray's recently published essays, shows how one keen, and none too friendly critic, was impressed by the Irish character:

"A characteristic of the Irish writers and people which has not been at all appreciated by the English is, I think, that of extreme melancholy. All Irish stories are sad, all humorous Irish songs are sad; there is never a burst of laughter excited by them, but as if fancy tears are near at hand; and from 'Castle Rackrent' downwards every Hibernian tale that I have read is sure to leave a woful tender impression. Mr. Carleton's books, and he is by far the greatest genius who has written Irish life, are pre-eminently melancholy. Griffin's best novel, the 'Collegians' has the same painful character, and I have always been surprised while the universal English critic has been laughing over the stirring stories of 'Harry Lorrequer,' that he has not recognized the fund of sadness beneath. The most jovial song that I know of in the Irish language is 'The Night Before Larry was stretched'; but along with the joviality you always carry the impression of the hanging the next morning. 'The Groves of Blarney' is the richest nonsense that the world has known since the days of Rabelais; but it is not very pathetic nonsense? The folly is uttered with a

sad look and to the most lamentable, wailing music; it affects you like the jokes of Lear's fool. An Irish landscape conveys the same impression. You may walk all Ireland through, and hardly see a cheerful one; and whereas at five miles from the spot where this is published or read in England you may be sure to light upon some prospect of English nature smiling in plenty, rich in comfort, and delightfully cheerful, however simple and homely, the finest and richest landscape in Ireland always appeared to me to be sad, and the people corresponded with the place."

WORDS OF WISDOM.

THOUGHTS AND SAYINGS WORTH STUDYING—
—LIFE CAN BE MADE PLEASANT.

Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl chain of all virtues.

While looking out for great opportunities we are apt to let little ones slip through our grasp.

If when thou makest a bargain thou thinkest only of thyself and thy gain, thou art a servant of mammon.

Principle above habit, use before pleasure, is the line from which dull cares and regrets are most easily banished.

Nature is upheld by antagonism. Passion, resistance, danger are educators. We acquire the strength we have overcome.

Teach self-denial and make its practice pleasurable, and you create for the world a destiny more sublime than ever issued from the brain of the wildest dreamer.

Frankness and openness are the natural and healthful atmospheres of goodness and strength. Were all men perfect there would be no reserve, for there would be nothing to conceal.

If one only wished to be happy, this could readily be accomplished; but we wish to be happier than other people, and this is almost always difficult, for we believe others to be happier than they are.

Every man in his own life has follies enough, in his own mind troubles enough, in the performance of his own duties deficiencies enough, in his fortunes evils enough without minding other people's business.

He who thinks no man above him but for his virtue, none below him but for his vice, can never be obsequious or assuming in the wrong place; but will frequently emulate men in stations below him, and pity those nominally over his head.

THE DEAN AND THE COOK.—One of the stories told about the late Canon Eden, by whose death Cardinal Newman's contemporaries at Oriel are one the fewer, will be appreciated by other than Oriel men. Heavy complaints against the college cook having been brought by the undergraduates to Eden (in his capacity of dean), he sent for the offender, recapitulated his several delinquencies, and in the most slashing style reproved, even threatened him. "La, Mr. Eden," rejoined the cook, in a confidential tone—pleasantly tossing his head, and assuming a bland, patronizing smile—"it's of no manner of use attending to what the young men tell you about my dinners. Why, you know, Mr. Eden, they come just in the same way to me, and complain about your lectures." Eden (who had a sense of the ridiculous) was so overcome with a dreadful inclination to break out into a laugh that he dared not reply. The cook remained master of the situation.

Blifkins felt facetious the other morning, so when he met his neighbor Smith on the street talking with the new minister he gave his salutation: "Say, Smith, when did you get out?" "Get out from where?" grunted Smith. "The House of Correction, of course, ha! ha! ha!" chirruped Blifkins. "Well, they let me out just as soon as I had finished whitewashing your cell," growled Smith and Blifkins went round the corner.

"We are going to have pie for dinner," said Harry to the visitor. "Indeed," laughed the guest, amused at the little boy's artlessness; "and what kind of pie, Harry?" "It's a new kind. Ma was talking this morning about pa bringing you to dinner so often, and pa said he didn't care what she thought, and ma said she'd make him eat humble pie before the day was over, and I spose we're goin' to have it for dinner."

Wit and Humor.

Student (to servant at the door)—"Miss Brown?" Servant—"She's engaged." Student—"I know it. I'm what she's engaged to."

"Hello!" shouted the man at the New York end of the telephone line: "give me Boston." "Wait a moment," replied the operator at the hub; "I want to ask the Mayor if the Aldermen are through with it."

Visitor (in private at gallery)—I do not see Mr. Pourke, that the German school of Art is represented among your collection. Mr. Pourke (a Chicago capitalist)—No, sir. Bismarck refuses to take my hogs. I want none of his art.

LIKE CURES LIKE.—Dumley (officiating as carver)—Shall I send you a little of the fat also, Mrs. Dowager?

Mrs. Dowager, (a very stout old lady)—Not any of the fat, thanks.

Dumley (with polite insistence)—No? Similia similibus curantur, you know.

Chicago man—fiercely—do you mean to call me a liar, sir? Boston man—That is the construction that naturally suggests itself in connection with the observation that I addressed to you, sir. Chicago man—mollified—All right, sir. I accept your apology. I allow no man to call me a liar.

Professor—Why does a duck put his head under water? Pupil—For divers reasons. Professor—Why does he go on land? For sundry reasons. Professor—Next. You may tell us why a duck puts his head under water. Second pupil—to liquidate his bill. Professor—And why does he go on land? To make a run on the land.

"Why don't you hold up your head as I do?" asked an aristocratic lawyer of a sterling old farmer. "Squire," said the farmer, "look at that field of grain. You see that all the valuable heads are bowed down, while those that have nothing in them stand upright."

Snobs—"Say, Bobs, what in the world have you got in that little basket?" A basket that size load with lead wouldn't make an enfeebled old woman tired." Bobs—"It's something heavier than that." "What is it?" "It is a loaf of bread our new cook made, and my wife got me to carry it to a poor family."

"Are you a sailor?" asked Babster's bright boy of Spook the other evening. "No my son," replied Spook, "a sea-fearing life has no attraction for me." "But you are a sailor," said young Babster. "No my child you are mistaken." "Well, at any rate, mother said she has seen you 'half seas over mor'n a hundred times."

"Here is a curious case, ma'am," said the superintendent of the insane asylum. "This man imagines he is the motive power that runs the world. He's perfectly harmless though, he thinks the world wouldn't move without him. Very queer notion isn't it?" "I don't know about that, my husband has got just the same notion in his head."

"Now, this crustaceous creature," said an old ichthyologist, putting his hand on a lobster in Fulton Market, "has claws like—ouch! Jimminy crips! Take him off! Wow!" After he had finished his war-dance and bound up his hand with a handkerchief, he forgot to complete his clause, but remembered to let those of the lobster alone.

Traveler to waiter—"Is this my room?" "Yes sir." "There are two beds in it. I don't want two beds. What's the other one for?" "De nez' man, sa." "What man? I thought I paid the right of being exclusive here." "So you can, sah; so you can." "How am I going to manage that?" "Doan speak ter him."

Miss Angelina to Miss Bell, her rival, just now surrounded by a bevy of admirers—"Oh, dear, do tell me how you do your hair up so charmingly. Wait do you do it up on! It looks so intellectual." Miss Bell, who wears her hair high—"Well, I'll tell you, dear. I generally do it up over brains, and—sweetly—I don't think you can buy them at the hair stores."

"Are you on any particular lay?" he asked of a stranger, while waiting at the Union depot, Buffalo.

Oh, yes," was the reply. "I thought so, from your looks. I work the three card monte racket on greenhorns. What do you do?" "I work the detective racket on three card monte sharps!" was the prompt response, as the handcuffs were snapped on.

New Advertisements.

LOOK OUT FOR ALLAN BOAT IN APRIL.

BAIRD BROS.,

GENERAL DRAPERS,

[Sign of the BEE-HIVE, Directly opposite the Market House,]

Wish to inform their Customers and the General Public that their Buyer has just left for the London and other Markets, giving him the best chance for the

Newest Goods,

to be had for the coming season; and on his return to St. John's by the first ALLAN BOAT IN APRIL, Ladies and Gentlemen please look out for the

Latest Novelties for Spring and Summer Wear.

The Winter Trade being well advanced, no use mentioning any class of Goods specially in their extensive Stock, but would call attention to their large stock of

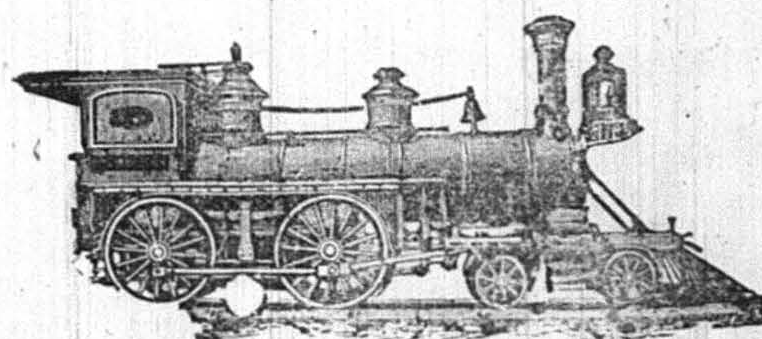
India Rubber Goods,

Suitable for the present weather.

mar6,41,eod

SPRING 1886.

—(o)—



A large and varied Stock of Bright New Goods shortly expected at

J., J. & L. FURLONG'S.

Every Department in their Shops will be full to repletion with all the

Novelties of the Season,

—which with their—

GROCERY & STORE DEPARTMENTS,

—can supply every want.

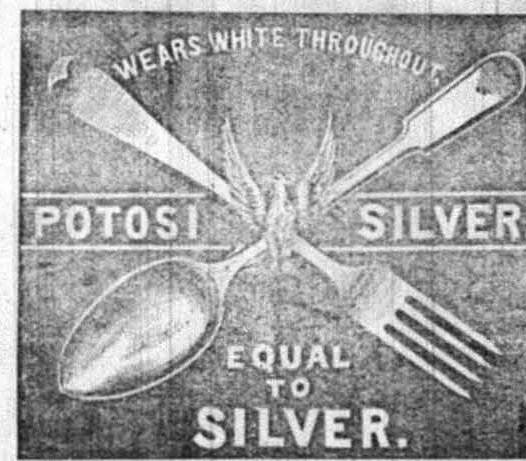
Agents for Canadian Tobaccos, Agents for Automatic Liquid Measures, Shipbuilders' Agents for all kinds of Native built Vessels, Boats and Bankers' Dories.

389 WATER STREET & 3 ARCADE BUILDINGS.

mar6,31,fp,eod

POTOSI SILVER, the best and most perfect invention of the age.

POTOSI SILVER
has all the good qualities of Silver,
and is infinitely less expensive.



POTOSI SILVER
being a Pure White Metal, must of
necessity retain its colour and
wear white throughout.

—A Full Line of—

POTOSI SPOONS AND FORKS

Always in stock, at Lowest Prices.

Imported direct from Manufacturers.

mar6,1m,eod.

J. H. MARTIN & Co.

J. D. RYAN,

Sole Agent in Newfoundland for Messrs. Osterhoff & Schmidt

HAMBURG CIGARS,

And Messrs. A Drouillard & Co.

Cognac Brandies

FULL LINES SAMPLES ON HAND, AND ORDERS SOLICITED FOR SPRING IMPORTATIONS.

Mar6,1w,fp,e.o.d.

Select Story.

SET IN DIAMONDS.

CHAPTER III.

(Continued.)

A GOLDEN GIRLHOOD.

He gave the rest of his life to art without any thought of recompense. That he might one day hear these works of his performed as they should be was the only thing he cared for—to make money of them was a thing he never dreamed of.

He worked incessantly, from sunrise until sunset without intermission; he rose often while the stars were shining in the skies. From the house came sounds of music so sweet, so subtle, so unearthly that at midnight no one cared to pass near. In the early morning, laborers going to their work paused and wondered whether any human being could produce such sound, or whether they came from spirit-land. Cyril Nairne forgot the world he lived in, he remembered only the world of sounds. He disliked any interruption, and but for his faithful old servant he would have gone without food for days together, just as he would have gone without sleep; when the "Divine Fire" was upon him he forgot both.

"A strange guardian for a baby girl," the old nurse said. His one idea of the child was setting her to music. It was a certain fact that he tried to teach her everything by music. Before the child said her prayers he would play grand old psalm tunes until the little soul seemed to float away on the sweet sounds. If he saw her depressed or tired, he would play such enchanting, such inspiring music, that it seemed to enter the little feet, and the child would dance like an inspired fairy. If she were restless and could not sleep, he would play little pathetic airs that lulled her every sense. It was as though he only spoke, only taught, only exchanged ideas with her through music. It was as though music was the natural life of the child; but it made her unlike other children. She grew like a strange, beautiful bird, differing from other children as the white dove differs from the sparrow tribe.

She had a soul full of beautiful secrets, a mind full of beautiful desires; there was nothing commonplace about her. Her father's music, so beautiful and so rare, was to her a series of pictures. As she listened she dreamed, and her dreams took the color and tone of the music.

If it were brilliant and full of material fire, she would fancy herself a Joan of Arc, the leader of brilliant armies, the conqueror of a thousand foes; wild shouts rent the air, cannons fired and bells rang, while the people proclaimed her queen; the music changed to some soft, sweet air, and she was a black-robed sister, kneeling in a cell; another change to a love ballad, so sweet that the birds in the air paused to listen and she was the beloved of some "gay cavalier." So she lived her life of romance and dreams.

Cyril Nairne lived much alone; the only visitor he had was David Anson, the organist of the old church at Inisfail, and they talked little. They played duets on all kinds of instruments, the child listening and filling in her dream pictures made doubly strong and doubly beautiful by the additional force. David Anson loved the beautiful child, with her magnificent eyes. He said little to her, but he never came without bringing her some little present. Her only other friend was the rector of St. Alphege, who had neither wife nor child, and loved to sun himself in the fair loveliness of the graceful little girl.

The pretty housemaid left when her young mistress died; she could not endure the loneliness of the spot, the sense of death, the weird music. She soon went away, and one who had been a faithful servant of Cyril's mother took her place. Martha Grey was one of the faithful, old-fashioned servants, one of a race rapidly dying out. She was devoted to her master; it was no exaggeration to say that she would have given her life for him, while she worshipped Marguerite as the most beautiful and adorable of human beings. Education in the strict sense of the word, the child had none. Martha taught her to read, and after that she educated herself; she read all the old-fashioned books that abounded

in the library; she knew the old poets by heart, while she had never even seen a modern novel; she had the most quaint collection of knowledge; she knew the most out-of-the-way things, while she was quite ignorant of the most common matters.

Her father taught her music. Her voice was not like her mother's—a clear, ringing soprano—it was a contralto of the richest and most sympathetic kind. She could play the piano, the harp, and the violin, but she did not know one word of French or German. She could sing like an angel, but she was ignorant of the most ordinary affairs of every day life. Cyril Nairne had a passion for music; the artist soul was transmitted to his daughter, and in her it took the shape of intense love and keen appreciation of the beauties of nature.

She would spend whole days in the woods and on the river. She knew every spot round Inisfail. She knew the haunt of every bird, where the "heron haunted and the kingfisher bred." She knew the name of every bird, where they built their nests, where they went in summer, and how they wooed their pretty mates. Strange to say, the birds were not afraid of her; they looked at her with fearless bright eyes as though she belonged to their race rather than to any other. She knew the name of all the flowers that grew, their colors, their properties, their legends, and they to her were living friends. She would not gather them; let them live out their sweet lives and die when it was time, she said.

She had a strange knowledge of the stars. David Anson was an astronomer of no mean skill, and he taught her all he knew. It was a study she loved, for it gave all scope for the marvelous, and Marguerite Nairne had a natural love for all that was strange and mystical. She grew up without any training, without any constraint. She was by nature and instinct good and true; she had no vices and few faults; she never told a lie or did a mean action.

There was no constraint or control over her actions. If she liked to go into Inisfail for a day to feed the birds and watch them, she did so; if she wanted to spend the whole of a bright morning on the banks of the river, she had not to ask permission; she could do as she would. The wonder was that with all this freedom and liberty she grew up so good, so refined and innocent as the flowers she loved.

Her life was made up of dreams. She talked little. If she asked Cyril Nairne a question he would answer it in such an occupied, absent-minded fashion, it was worse than if she had received no answer; and Martha Grey was so given to the supernatural that when Marguerite asked a question from her the answer generally left her more ignorant. Martha believed in luck and in fairies, in omens and dreams and everything else most foolish and delightful. She told the child such legends and stories that she grew up almost uncertain where the border lands of truth and fancy met.

Twice—while she grew from childhood to youth—the old nurse, Mrs. Spar, came to see her. Each time she looked with deepening wonder at the lines in the pink hands. She had the good sense not to say anything to the child about it; but she would go to Martha in the kitchen, and warn her after the most mysterious fashion to take great care of her little mistress; and Martha, who knew the old nurse's reputation for being a wise woman, almost a seer, was much impressed with these warnings.

"I am quite sure myself," she would say, "the child will have an uncommon lot, for she is not like other children." To which the old nurse would reply sententiously:

"Perhaps it would be better if she were."

It was not a natural life, the old woman said.

No child came to play with her. She went to no parties—she knew no visitors—she lived with a father who until she was sixteen thought of her always as a little child to be lulled to sleep by the sweetest of melodies; he never realized the fact that she had grown up. That the magnificent contralto voice had gained a fullness, a richness that could never belong to the voice of a child never occurred to him. She was always the little Marguerite whom his dying wife had clasped in her arms as she sang of Paradise.

"Who would not be at rest and free, Where love is never cold?"

Marguerite had grown into one of the loveliest girls ever beheld—of an un-

common type of beauty. She was tall and shapely, slender, now with the loveliest years of girlhood, and giving promise of rare and magnificent womanhood. Her face was like a flower, sweet, grave, and proud. She had a wide, low brow, round which the fair hair clustered as in the famous head of Clytie, that ideal of feminine beauty. Her brows were clear and delicately arched, dreamy and beautiful, like the royal brows of some young queen. Her eyes were of the loveliest blue, dark brilliant blue, with long lashes lying like fringe on the fair cheeks. She had the fairest bloom blown by the summer winds, dainty and brilliant—a skin such as one seldom sees even in the fair faces of English women, white as a lily with the lovely pink flush of a rose; the most beautiful mouth, with a dimpled chin—one of the fairest faces ever given to a daughter of Eve.

There was something in the face that struck everyone; in repose it was dreamy and thoughtful, but when she was animated and interested a strange lustre came from it. On looking at it, one felt that no common story would fit it, that no common lot would befall the owner of that exquisite face.

It was full of noble imaginings, of grand and noble possibilities, of poetry and romance; but to Cyril Nairne, the man who lived in sweet sounds, it was still the face of the little Marguerite.

Until the day she was sixteen there had not been an event in her life, except the one she could not remember—the death of her mother. It often happened that the fairest and most cloudless morn'gushers in the most tempestuous day—those sixteen years unmarked by one event preceded a life that was full of strange turns of fortune and strange events.

CHAPTER IV.

A LORDLY WOOER.

There was great excitement in the pretty town of Inisfail—there was to be a grand concert given at Elmsthorpe, and Cyril Nairne was to play one of his own compositions. It was called "The Woodland Overture," and was one that he loved best; for he had reproduced those beautiful sounds that so few hear. Just as he had heard them, he reproduced them—the ripple of the brook, the swaying of the green boughs, the whispering of the wind amongst the leaves, the songs of the birds, the cooing of the wood pigeon; and they were so delicately, so daintily rendered, that if the listener sat with closed eyes, he must imagine that he was in the woods. It was a triumph of art. How many days had he sat absorbed in the music of the woods, until it was so impressed upon him that he had reproduced it almost without effort.

The concert was under the distinguished patronage of the "Lord Stair," the great man of the country, of the Earl and Countess of Desford, of Major White, John Stuart, Esq., and Squire Jordan. David Anson was general manager, and it seemed to him the very chance for drawing attention to the genius he thought unrivaled. He asked Cyril Nairne if he would assist at the concert, and if he would play that beautiful, melodious, and intricate composition.

"Listening to it," said David Anson, "I can see the calm, golden sunshine lying on the green grass, I can hear the birds sing, and the ripple of the leaves. You will give the world a lesson in the true music if you will play that."

Cyril Nairne consented.

The concert was given in aid of the Hospital Fund, and was extensively advertised. A great soprano was coming from London, and she was to sing some beautiful ballads; but the great feature of the evening was "The Woodland Overture," by Cyril Nairne.

"Papa," said Marguerite Nairne, "may I go to hear you play?" and the perplexed genius, who would still consider her as a child, looked to his friend David for counsel and advice under somewhat extraordinary circumstances. "Certainly, let her go. What can be more natural? She will enjoy it, I am sure."

It was the first time that Marguerite had attended any place of amusement, and her excitement was intense.

The Town Hall of Elmsthorpe—where the concert was to be held, was a building of great magnitude in her simple eyes, that had seen no better.

(To be Continued.)

New Advertisements.

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Per S.S. "Newfoundland."

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Insurance Company.

[ESTABLISHED A. D., 1809]

RESOURCES OF THE COMPANY AT THE 31st DECEMBER, 1882:

I.—CAPITAL

Authorised Capital.....	£3,000,000
Subscribed Capital.....	2,000,000
Paid-up Capital.....	500,000

II.—FIRE FUND.

Reserve.....	£844,576	19	11
Premium Reserve.....	362,188	18	3
Balance of profit and loss acc't.....	67,895	12	6
	£1,274,661	10	8

III.—LIFE FUND.

Accumulated Fund (Life Branch).....	£3,274,835	19	1
Do. Fund (Annuity Branch).....	473,147	3	2
	£3,747,983	2	3

REVENUE FOR THE YEAR 1882.

FROM THE LIFE DEPARTMENT.

Nett Life Premiums and Interest.....	£469,075	5	3
Annuity Premiums (including £108,992 2 4 by single payment) and interest.....	124,717	7	11
	£593,792	13	4

FROM THE FIRE DEPARTMENT.

Nett Fire Premiums and Interest.....	£1,157,073	14	0
	£1,750,866	7	4

The Accumulated Funds of the Life Department are free from liability in respect of the Fire Department, and in like manner the Accumulated Funds of the Fire Department are free from liability in respect of the Life Department.

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THE COLONIST.

Is Published Daily, by "The Colonist Printing and Publishing Company," Proprietors, at the office of Company, No. 1, Queen's Beach, near the Custom House.

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Correspondence and other matters relating to the Editorial Department will receive prompt attention on being addressed to

P. R. BOWERS,

Editor of the Colonist, St. John's, Nfld.

Business matters will be punctually attended to on being addressed to

R. J. SAGE,

Business Manager, Colonist Printing and Publishing Company, St. John's, Nfld.

The Colonist.

TUESDAY, MARCH 9, 1886.

THE FRENCH SHORE.

As negotiations connected with this important subject, are now under consideration in the Assembly, perhaps it would be premature to say much on the matter at present. This much, however, we feel sure in asserting that it be detrimental to the interests of Newfoundland to have that immense line of sea coast, known as the French Shore, entirely under the control of a foreign Government. As far as any real, practical good can be derived to our fishermen from that part of Newfoundland, known as the French Shore, it might as well be situated at the Antipodes. The French on that coast have always assumed a dictatorial attitude towards our people, and they have gradually encroached, from time to time, on their rights which were originally according to treaty, only concurrent; and they have for so long a time been allowed to do as they pleased, without any apparent check upon their conduct, that they have arrogated to themselves an exclusive right over the fisheries of those waters. They were, to use a homely adage, given an ell and they have taken a yard!

Mr. EMMERSON'S well timed remarks, in the Assembly last evening, shewed clearly that the negotiations are calculated to make matters worse instead of better. We entirely agree with him, that people unacquainted with the Colony are incapable of arranging this important business on a satisfactory basis for the people of Newfoundland; and, as he shrewdly remarked, three intelligent fishermen of the country would be better able to judge of what would be to our interest in this matter, than would the wisest diplomatists of either England or France. We trust the Legislature will devote every possible attention to this all-important subject; and that as it is not a party question the Legislature will give the force of united action in their efforts for the conservation of our rights on the "French Shore."

THE COLD WAVE.

The despatches of yesterday show that a cold wave has set in at the North Coast; and as the great staple of this Colony is carried on in ships, every thing relating to meteorology should necessarily be of interest to the general public. Hence we purpose giving a summary of a work published by the Washington Weather Bureau on this subject, entitled "A Preliminary Study of Cold Waves and their Progress," prepared by Lieutenant Woodruff. We trust it will assist in awakening such an interest in Meteorology, or "the Science of the atmosphere, and its various phenomena," particularly the state of the weather. In the United States and Canada the Meteorological knowledge obtained and diffused by the Government is of immense advantage to merchants, ship-owners and seamen, saving life and property from the perils of the deep.

Lieutenant Woodruff, whilst pursuing his investigations as to what is a cold wave, and how does it originate? admits that he is unable to shed much new light on this interesting subject; but he at least, strengthens some existing theories regarding the question. The "January thaw," which usually arrives in the Atlantic States about the 20th of the month, did not altogether fail this season, but it was cut short on January 23 by the eastward extension of a very cold wave. This wave was not as protracted as one which passed over ten days before, but its severity was decidedly felt in the Central States.

One of the most obvious facts in weather science, is that a large rotatory storm, in crossing this continent from West to East, is closely preceded by a rise in temperature and followed by a fall. Part of this extra warmth is attributable to the liberation of latent heat by the condensation of vapor in the front half of the storm. But some portion of it is due to the southerly winds, which, by an invariable law, prevail in advance of such swirls. Behind the storm the air is dryer, and hence incapable of yielding up much, if any heat by manufacturing rain or snow. Moreover, the prevailing wind there is from some point of North, and of course, cooler than that in front. Meteorologists have not settled amongst themselves precisely to what extent these currents are a cause, and to what extent the effect of the atmospheric gyration around the centre of low barometer; but their existence is unquestioned. They come from British America, and the tepid Gulf of Mexico, and, after meeting, rush up through the Vortex of a Colossal Ariel Whirlpool. Another reason for the difference in temperature on the opposite sides of a storm is that the air which feeds its front usually comes for some distance along the earth's surface, while that which supplies its rear often comes from higher and colder strata. The atmosphere having been heaped up hundreds of thousands of miles away from the storm centre by ascending currents, begins to settle. From underneath the mass a downpour and outgush result. The winds in the eastern half of this anti-cyclone are northerly, and hence colder than those in the western section. From these facts one would naturally infer that the severest cold waves would occur when a storm of powerful inward suction, as shown by very low barometer, is closely followed by a tract of abnormally high pressure; that they would be most frequent when such combinations happen often; and that their route and rate of progress would depend upon the movements of the storm's centre.

We will give the conclusion of this summary of the work of Lieut. Woodruff in to-morrow's COLONIST.

BREAD OR WORK FOR THE POOR.

A large number of men and boys assembled in front of the Colonial Building this morning; and proceeded thence to the Court House. They stood outside for a considerable time, and sent a delegation to wait on his honor Judge Conroy, and asked if they had not better commit some breach of the peace so as to get committed to the Penitentiary, as that was the only resource left them to get bread. His Honor advised them not to break the law; and recommended a delegation of them outside to wait upon the Government. He also told them to ask their members to co-operate with them to obtain work; and said he had no doubt their wants would be attended to, whereupon they dispersed in an orderly manner. The Government should commence some permanent work at once, such as opening sewers, repairing or macadamizing streets; and give employment to men, who must be in dire distress to make such a demonstration as was witnessed in St. John's to-day.

PLACES GOING A BEGGING.

The Government have their best places going a begging. They first tried Mr. DONNELLY for the Receiver Generalship, but he knew too well his duty to his party and rejected their overtures. Lately they have tried Mr. BOND to accept the Colonial Secretaryship, but that honorable man would have nothing to do with them, nor will any sensible man have to do with this house of cards in which nothing but disrepute and disaster can come to any one concerned. The public accounts are not ready yet, and the Premier does not know whether he is on his head or his heels.

To-morrow being Ash Wednesday Masses will be celebrated in the Cathedral at 7.30, 8.30, and 10 a.m. Evening Devotions will be held at 7.30, and on the same hour on Wednesday and Friday evening during lent.

The members of the Academia are to move into their new rooms, on Prescott street, on May the first.

The Legislature.

HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY.

MONDAY, March 8th.

The House met to-day at 4 o'clock p.m. ORDER OF THE DAY.

2nd Reading Legislative Disabilities Bill.

2nd Reading Bill relating to Importation of Diseased Meat.

2nd Reading, Newfoundland Saving's Bank Bill.

All of which were allowed to stand over.

NOTICES OF MOTION.

Hon. PREMIER.—For appointment of Select Committee, to consider the subject of the arrangement between H. M. Government and the Government of the French Republic, in relation to French fishery rights on the coast of Newfoundland, and that the Hon. Legislative Council be requested to appoint a committee of that body to co-operate with the committee of this House. In bringing the motion before the House, the Hon. Premier commented at some length, and attempted to point out the advantages that would arise to Newfoundland by the satisfactory settlement of that much vexed question.

Mr. EMMERSON opposed the motion on the grounds that it would be better to have the matter referred to a Committee of the Whole House, and, moreover, that he did not consider the arrangements entered into between Her Majesty's Government and the French Republic satisfactory to the people of Newfoundland. In a brilliant and exhaustive speech, Mr. EMMERSON clearly pointed out that the present arrangements left matters in a worse state than they were before. He shewed that the French asked for the very best harbors on the whole line of coast, and for all practical purposes the negotiations entered into between the two Governments, placed Newfoundland, so far as the French Shore was concerned, in a worse state than ever. During his whole speech Mr. EMMERSON displayed a most intimate knowledge of the French Shore, and evinced a strong interest in the subject. He asked the Hon. PREMIER to withdraw the motion, and moved as an amendment that it be referred to a Committee of the Whole House.

The Hon. PREMIER regretted that he could not consent to the arrangement, and accordingly a committee was appointed consisting of the following gentlemen:—

The Hon. PREMIER, SIR A. SHEA, Messrs KENT, BRADSHAW, DONNELLY, WATSON.

Mr. MACDONELL.—For address on petition of Rev. Gregory Battcock and others, of Holyrood on the subject of Agriculture.

Mr. PETERS.—For address on petition of the inhabitants of Burin on the subject of a ferry.

Mr. EMMERSON.—To ask Chairman of Board of Works to lay on the table a detailed account of the expenditure for the district of Harbor Main in the years 1881-'82-'83.

Mr. HUTCHINGS.—For address on petition of John Bishop and others of Burnt Head on the subject of a Landing Place.

Mr. CARTY.—To ask the hon Premier if a protest against the appointment of Sir A. Shea, as Governor of this Colony, was forwarded to the Secretary of State for the Colonies, signed by himself and other members of the House of Assembly, and if so will he lay on the table a copy of said protest.

The Hon. PREMIER said in reply, that no such protest was forwarded to the Secretary of State for the Colonies, and with regard to other questions asked by the hon. member on this subject he (the Premier) declined to answer them.

Mr. SCOTT, in moving that the house do adjourn expressed himself in a very strong manner on the conduct of the Premier, in withholding this protest from being laid upon the table of the house, and maintained that, notwithstanding what might be said to the contrary, such a protest was forwarded to the Secretary of State for the Colonies. But he dared, and defied the hon Premier to lay it on the table; for the simple reason, that he, and all those who signed it, were ashamed of it.

Here Mr. MORRIS stood up to make some remarks, when the Speaker very unceremoniously adjourned the House. It is not often that the Head of a Legislative Assembly offers such a wanton insult to any of the representatives of the people.

The House then adjourned till to-day, at half-past three o'clock.

Correspondence.

BAREFACED EFFRONTERY AND FALSEHOOD.

(To the Editor of the Colonist.)

SIR,—Last evening, in the House of Assembly, for the third time, Mr. Premier Thorburn denied that he and his party had sent a protest to England against the appointment of Sir A. Shea. The people present could hardly believe themselves when this statement was made, and made too by a man who passes for an honorable and truth-telling character. It is strange how these good people are generally most ready to do unscrupulous work. A criminal who lately escaped from this place after a game of daring forgery, had a prayer meeting in his house the night before he left, and we all know the Glasgow Bank Directors, who robbed that institution were all deacons or elders in the church. So Mr. Thorburn thinks he can say any manner of reckless things under cover of an exterior of moral rectitude. There is something unspeakably base in this attempt to get out of the proofs of their conspiracy in Sir A. Shea's case, and the denial of the deed places them all in even a more contemptible light than they stood in before. When Mr. Thorburn made this announcement Mr. Scott took the floor and uttered a withering speech which made the whole array look like a lot of criminals in the dock, and they spoke never a word. How the on-lookers must have scorned the unholy band as they sat there tacitly accepting the false disclaimer of their accomplished leader! Never was a humiliation so complete as that of these "midnight conspirators" when fear of public reprobation, if nothing worse, was staring them in the face, they cowered under its scathing influence. The Speaker saw the situation and in his haste to get away and close the house he committed a breach of Parliamentary rule in pretending not to see that a member was on his feet waiting to speak, and declared the House adjourned; but the poor man was frightened and we must excuse him. Pity for him disarms resentment.

I remain, Yours.

TRUTH.

St. John's March 9, 1886.

Local and other Items.

The Thermometer went down to 7 deg. last night.

Tons of ice are being hauled into the city to-day from adjacent ponds.

Large quantities of trout are hawked around the city to-day for sale.

Notwithstanding the general depression in this city, the winter entertainments for charitable purposes have been more largely attended than ever before.

Carriages and carts have once more given way to sleighs and catamarans, and the merry jingle of bells is again heard throughout the city.

Fifteen men under Mr. Keough, and a similar number under Mr. Barrington, are shovelling and levelling the snow on Portugal Cove and Torbay roads to-day.

Don't forget the Academia Minstrel Concert to-night in the Athenaeum Hall; or the performance of the Total Abstinence Dramatic Club in the Total Abstinence Hall.

The debate before the St. John's Mutual Improvement Association will be one of more than usual interest at the present time. See notice of meeting in advertising columns.

The following passengers arrived by the "Plover" from the Westward last night:—

Harbor Briton—H. Giovannini, A. McKenzie, Burin—J. Inkpen, J. Vickers, H. Y. Mott, T. Winter. Renew—Rev. D. O'Brien.

The Ball at Government House last night, was attended by about one hundred couples. Dancing was kept up till 3 a.m., this morning to the inspiring strains of Bennett's Quadrille Band.

The earliest use of the word "pianoforte," so far as is known, was in a play-bill dated May 16, 1761. The piece announced was the "Beggars' Opera." The bill read: "Miss Butler will sing a song from Judith, accompanied by Mr. Libbin, upon a new instrument called 'pianoforte.'"

Local and other Items.

The Ladies of the St. Vincent de Paul Society gratefully acknowledge the receipt of \$12 towards the funds of the relief of the Poor. From one who signs his note "Sympathy for the Poor."

The Treasurer of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, begs gratefully to acknowledge the receipt of \$198.10, being the receipts of Concert given in St. Patrick's Hall on Friday evening, in aid of the funds of above Institution.

The S. S. Plover arrived from the Westward last night with mails and passengers. She reports little fish at Rose Blanche and Channell, but sea too rough for boats to go on the ground. Also that Herring is plenty at Fortune Bay, but that the weather has been too mild to preserve them.

Messrs. Dryer & Greene, and James Baird, received shipments of prime venison, halibut and tongues, by the S. S. Plover last night from the Westward. The prices for these delicacies are quoted low; the halibut and tongues going at 7 cents and 10 cents, respectively, and the venison for 10 cents for fore, and 13 cents for hind quarters.

The Juvenile Members of the Total Abstinence and Benefit Society, with the little girls who assisted them in their performances this winter, enjoyed a treat at their Hall last night, under the supervision of their guardians. The little ones enjoyed themselves immensely, and dancing and singing was kept up till a late hour. The Piano was presided over by Miss Courtney.

Curran was once pleading, when an ass began to bray, and the chief justice interrupted the orator in his address to the jury, saying: "One at a time, Mr. Curran, if you please." Curran said nothing in reply but when he had finished his speech the judge began to read his instructions to the jury. Very soon the ass began once more to bray, and Curran spoke up, "Does your lordship hear a remarkable echo in the Court?"

In our criticism of the performance of the Academia in our issue of yesterday, we inadvertently omitted to allude to Messrs. H. Bennett and James Powers; from their musical knowledge both these gentlemen contributed largely to the success of the entertainment.

We had the pleasure of a visit at our office to-day from the first native of Newfoundland ever ordained a priest—the Rev. James Brown, P. P., Tilton Harbor, at present in the city, looking hale and hearty.

Marriages.

On the 6th inst., at the Roman Catholic Cathedral, by the Very Rev. Archdeacon Forristal, Mr. Thomas Dodd, to Mary J. youngest daughter of Mr. John Finnican, both of this city.

Corrected Sailings.

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WINTER SERVICE, 1886.

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March 9th.	" 15th.
" 23rd.	" 29th.
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